Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe, and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeild thy breath.
To *Rich.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

K. *Richard started out of his dreame.*

K. *Rich.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe:
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O

O no: alas I rather hate my
For hatefull deeds committe
I am a villaine, yea, I lye
Foole of thy selfe speake well
My conscience hath a thousa
And euery tongue brings in a
And euery tale condemnes m
Periury, in the highest degr
Murder, sterne murder, int
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde
Throng all to the Boare, cry
I shall dispaire there is no cr
And if I die, no soule shall
And wherefore should they
Find in my selfe, no pitty to
Me thought the soules of al
Came to my Tent, and euery
To morrowes vengeance on
Enter Ra

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is
Rat. My Lord tis I:
Haue thrice done salutatio
Your friends are vp, and
King. O Ratcliffe, I h
What think'st thou, will o
Rat. No doubt my Lo
King. O Ratcliffe I fe
Rat. Nay good my Lo
King. By the Apostle P
Haue strooke more terrou
Then can the substance of
Armed in proofe, and le
Tis not yet neere day con
Vnder our Tents, Ile pla
To heare if any meane to

Enter the
Lords, Good morrow

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